

'somewhere over the rainbow...'

smile

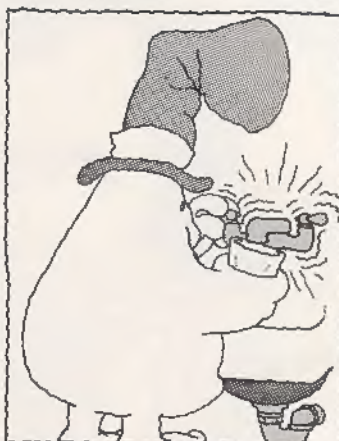
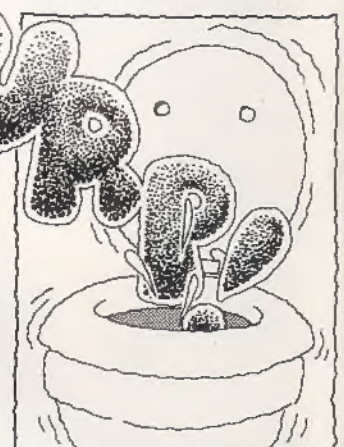
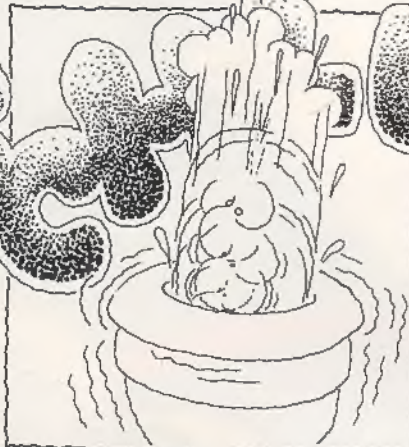
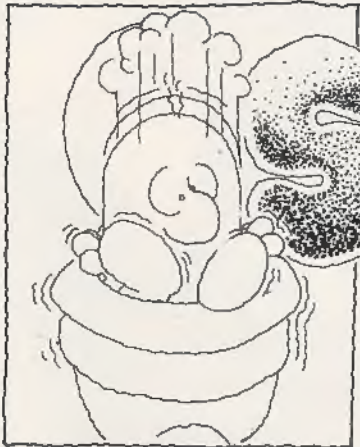
50¢

no. 1

EVERY ONCE, LONG, AND LONELY WHILE, WE SEEK A



by mitchell

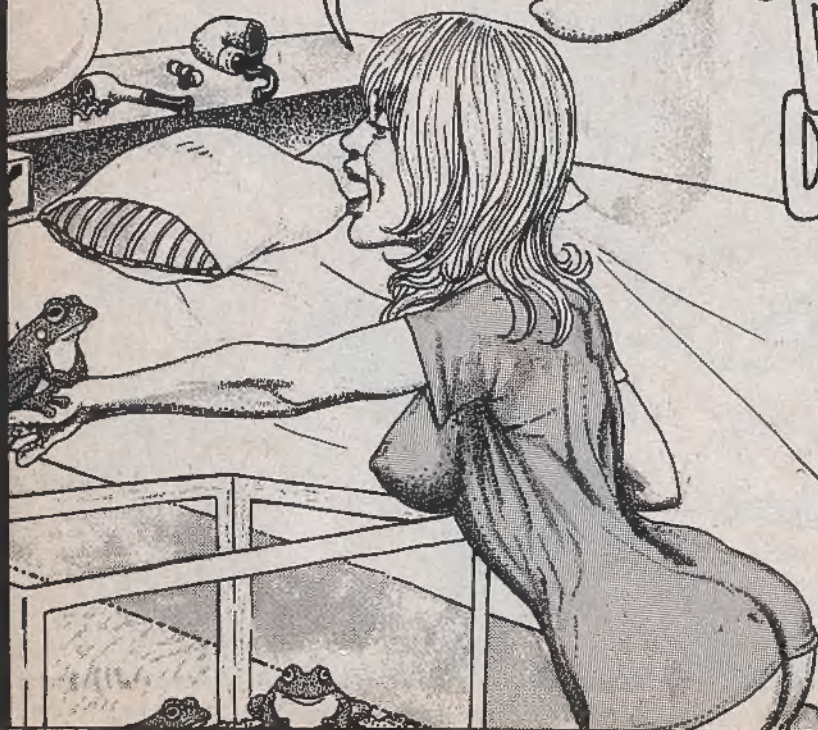
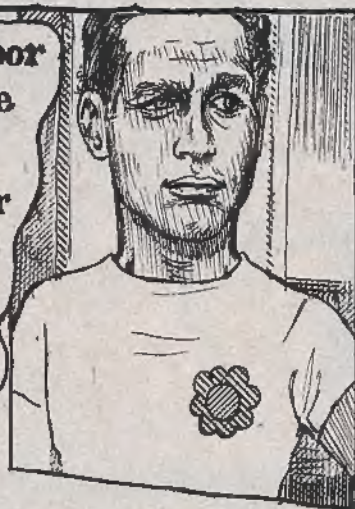


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FANG

Michael

Hey OD? Get the door
would ya? I told Diane
she could leave her
puppy with us for a for
a few hours. It's only
five months old, so
be careful of it.



DING
DONG





Slippery, meet **FANG**,
Diane's five month
old puppy.
uh... could you
get it something
to eat?



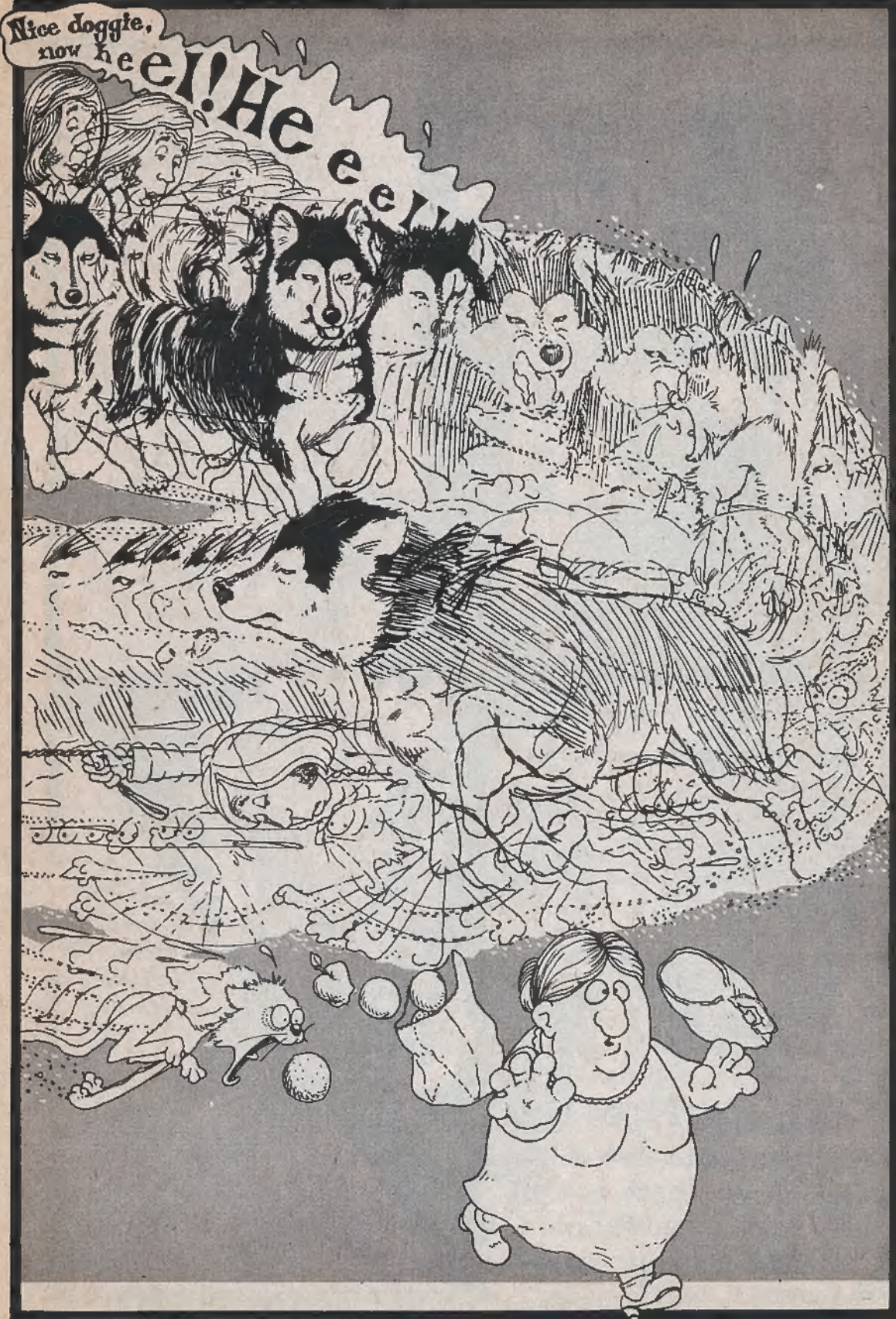
YEE ECH!
I guess he's
not housebroken.


Yeah, I think we
can safely assume
that it's not
housebroken.

um... Maybe I
should take it out.

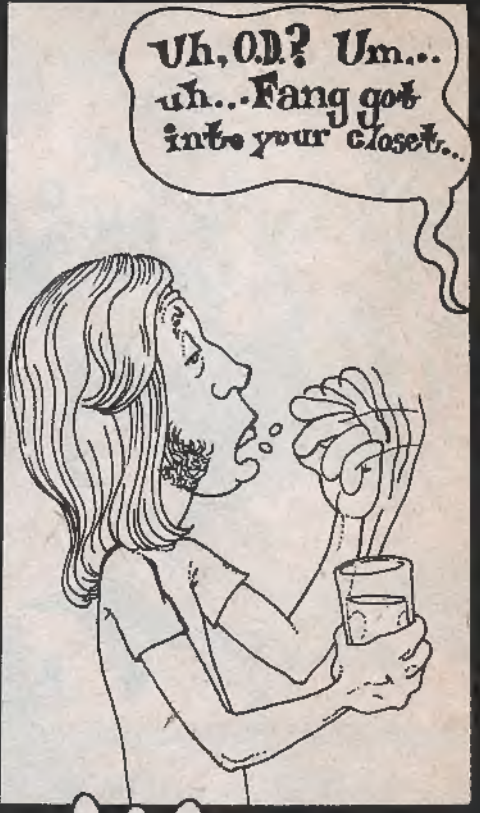


Nice doggie,
now hee!







Where's
the
Excedrin?




Uh, OD? Um...
uh... Fang got
into your closet...



He devoured everything
except for two shirts.

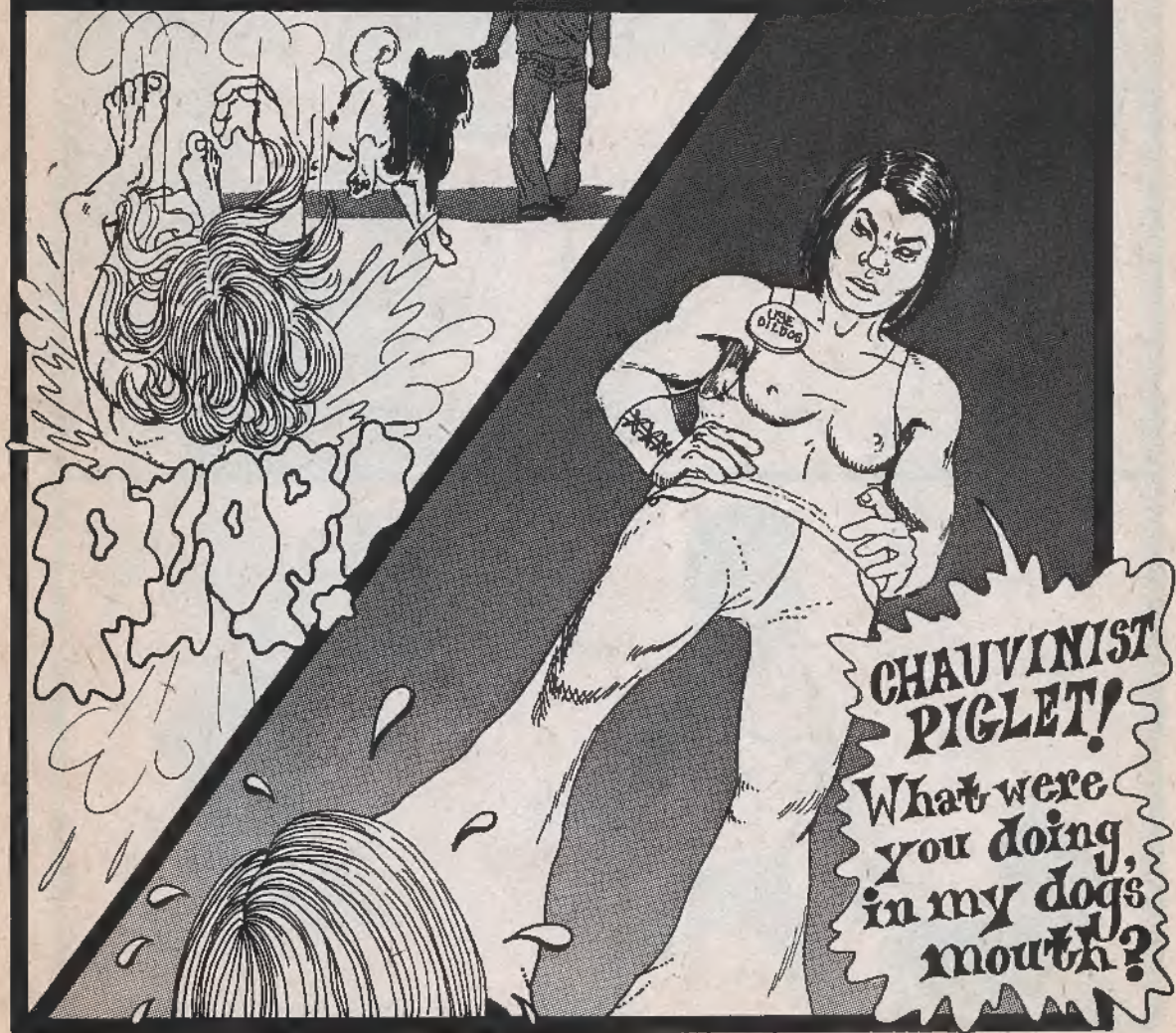


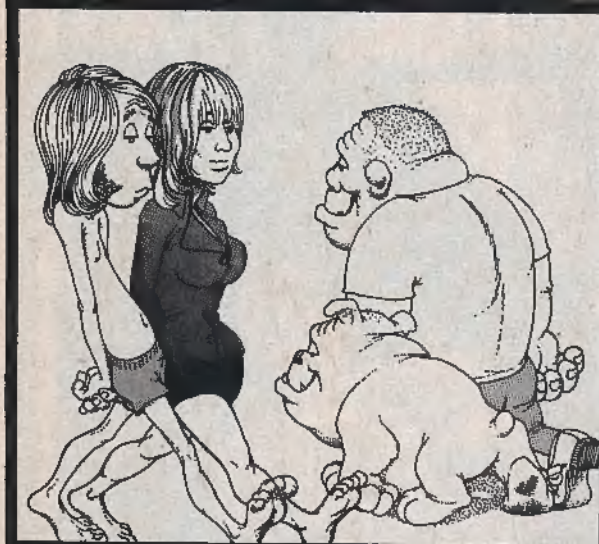
But these
are the two
shirts!

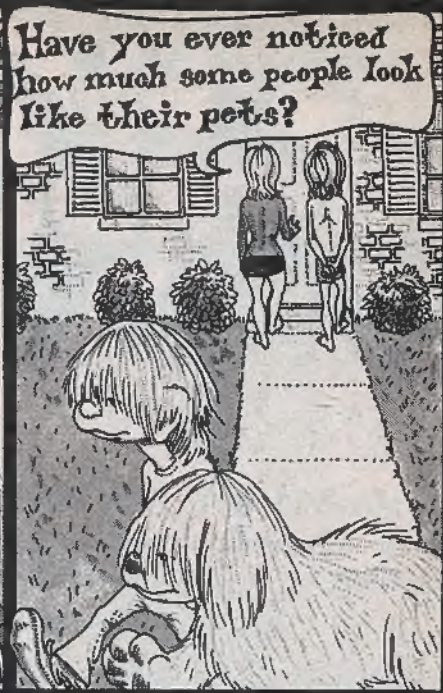
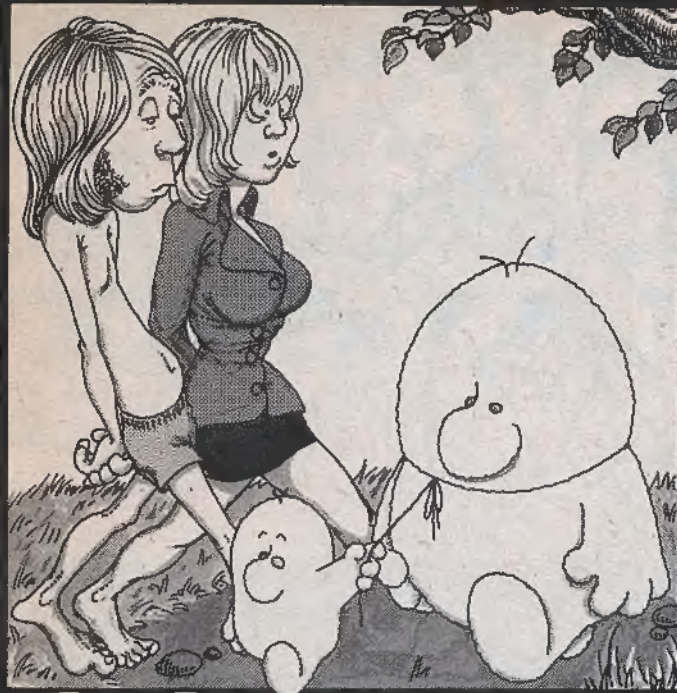


You'd better
lie down for awhile.
I'll take him
outside.

YOU'RE SHITTING ME!
Well... put the two shirts
somewhere where he can't
get them and throw
those things out!

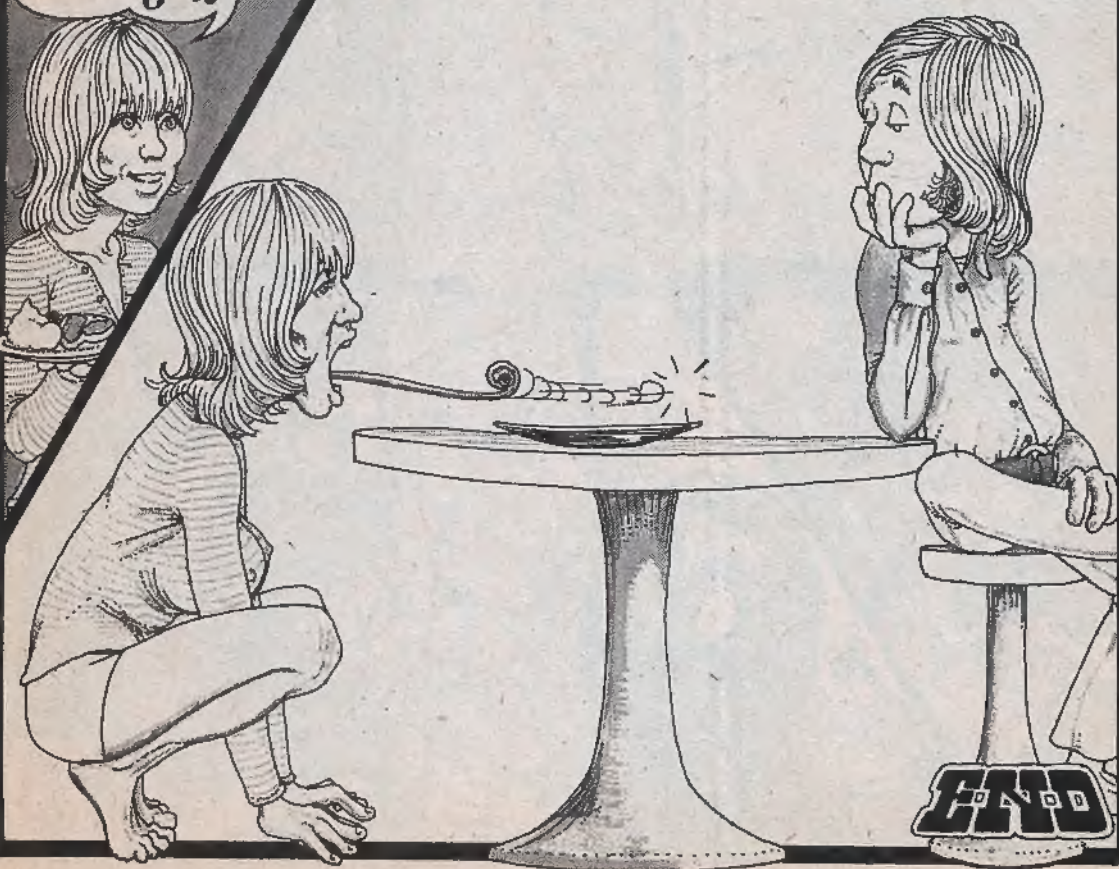






Have you ever noticed
how much some people look
like their pets?

I'm glad I don't
look like my
frogs!!



END

be it ever so humble & there a Rocky Fest!

It started out like any
other Thursday morning—
my father came in to
gently wake me from
my opiated slumber...



J. Mitchell



After my refreshing
early-morning dip,
I took an aerosol
shower, dressed, and



went downstairs where
my family greeted me
with toy trains and
subtle hints to take
my body elsewhere.

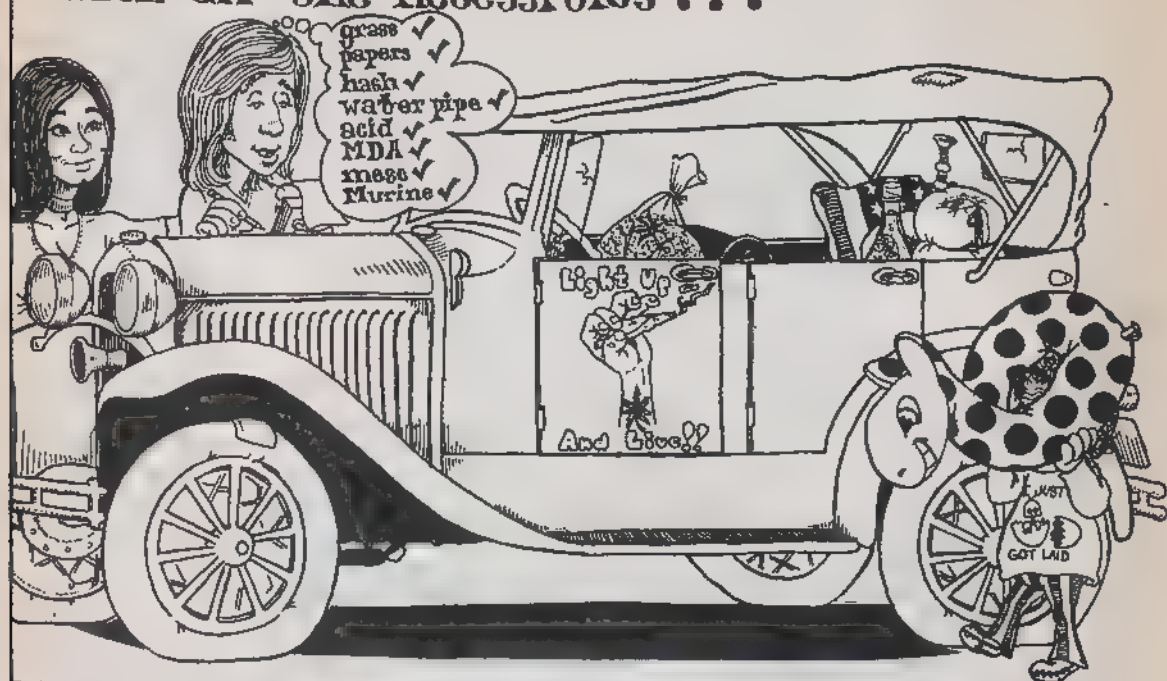
I decided I'd better split and go to the big Rock Festival. After a tearful farewell I picked up Gumpy and



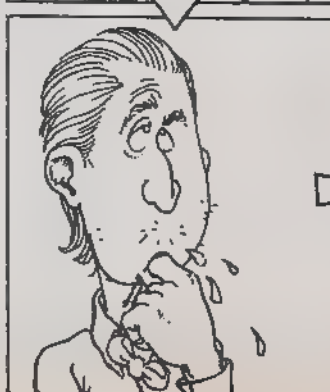
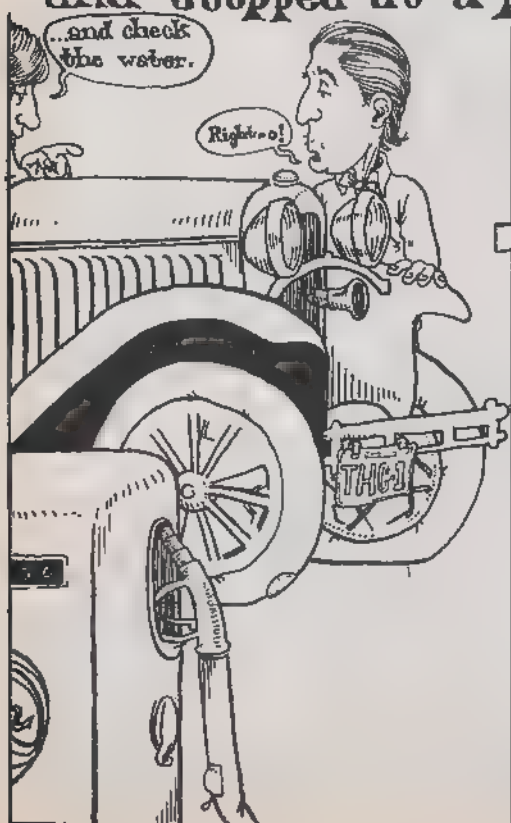
went looking for some 'free spirits' to take with us...



After we'd gotten to know our new friends a little better, we packed up my car with all the necessities . . .



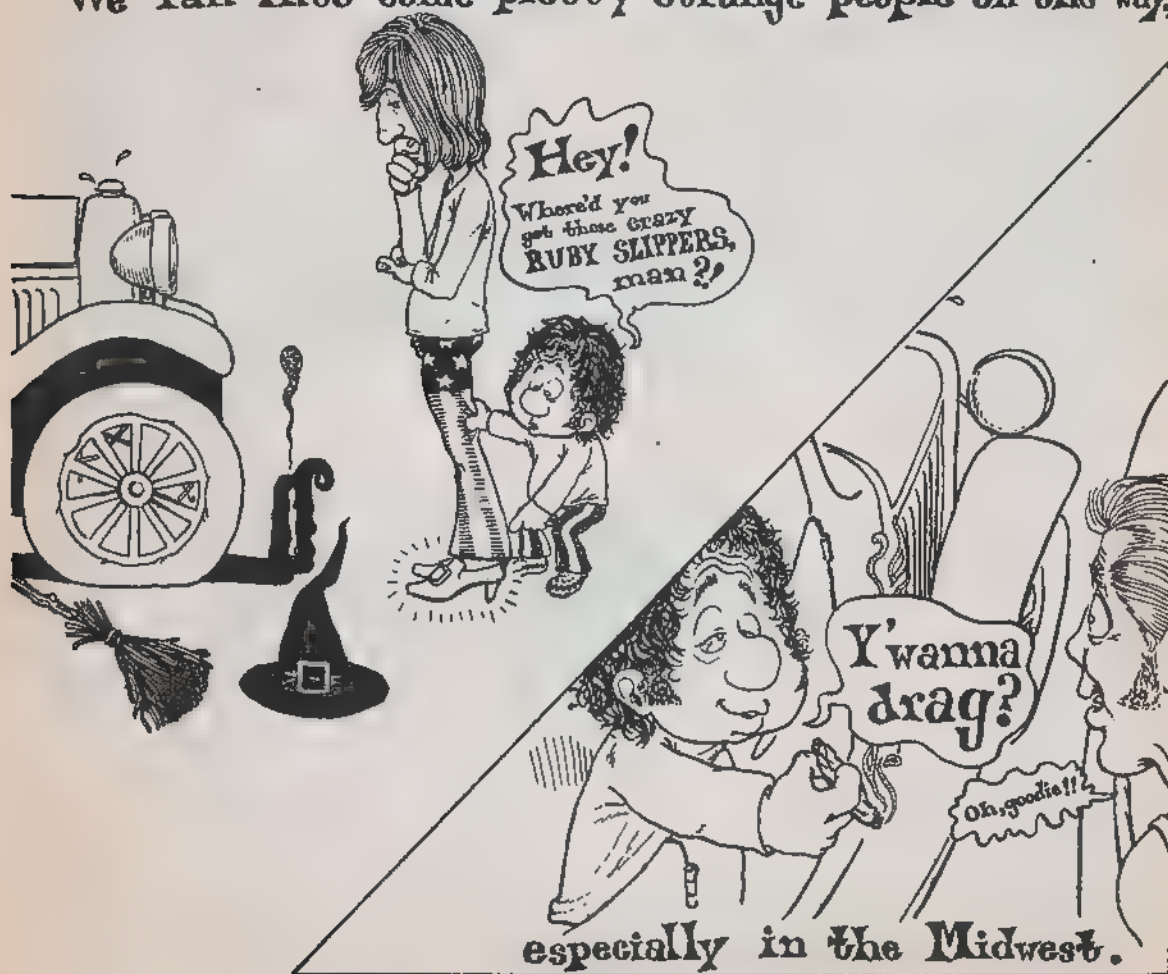
and stopped at a petrol station to fill up.

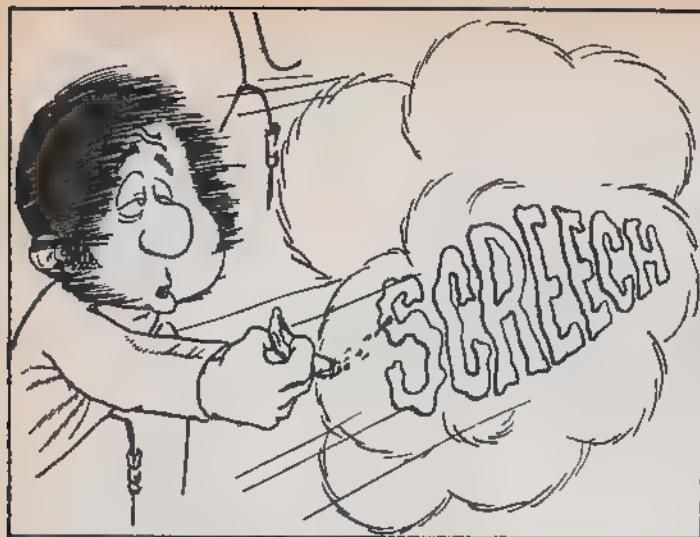


Then we headed for the highway .

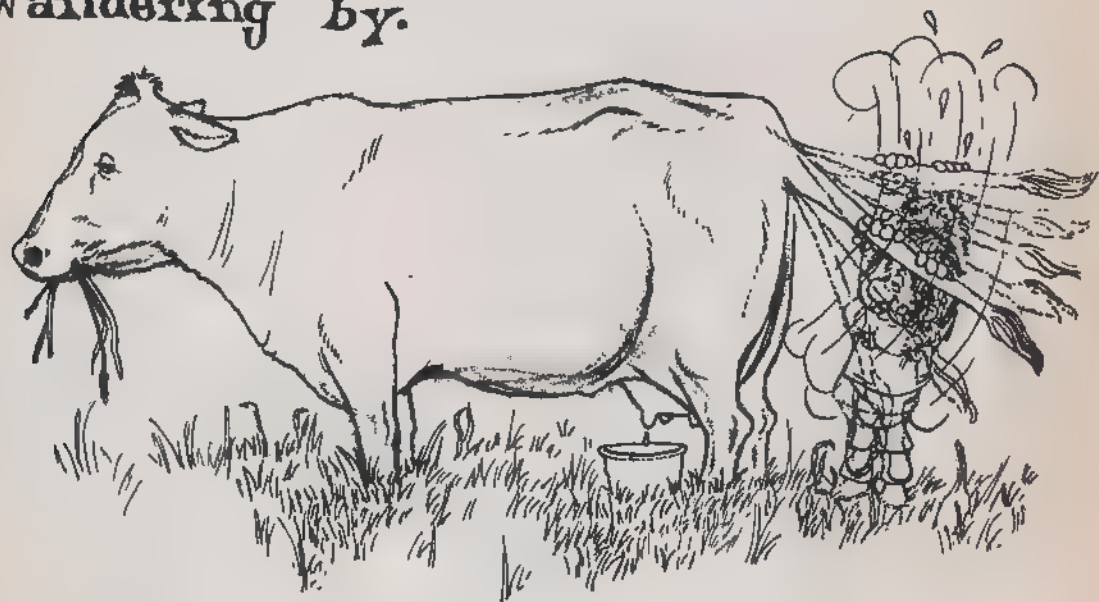


We ran into some pretty strange people on the way,





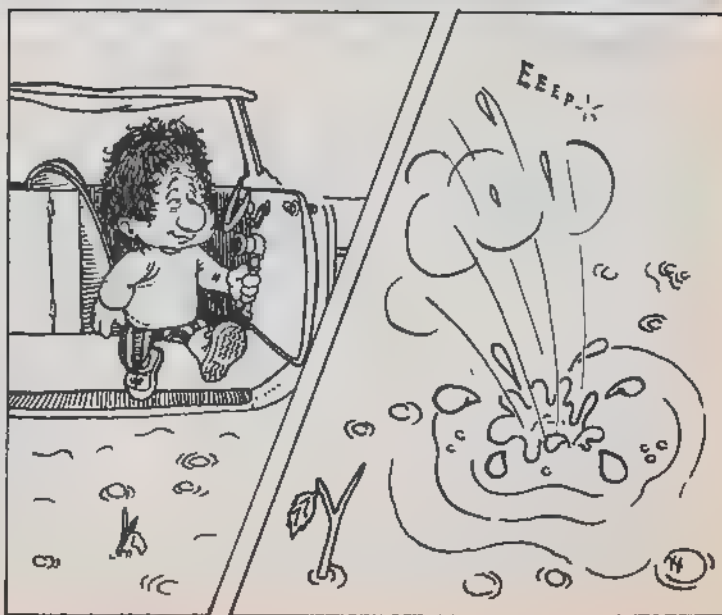
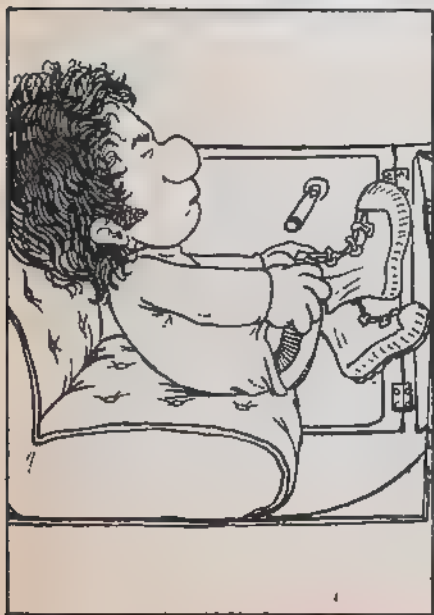
Fifteen miles from the festival we hit the heavy traffic. After some minor repairs, we were on the road again, but not before Gumpy had tried to milk a cow that made the mistake of wandering by.



She didn't dig the idea too much and let him know it with a kick. So then we had to go looking for a doctor.

We finally found one and brought him back. The vet gave her a couple of shots and bandaged the place where Gumpy had bit her.

Four frustrating hours later, we entered the festival grounds and parked the car.



It was a beautiful, happy community. There
minded because everyone realized that

was mud and slime everywhere, but no one
they were all in the same, big puddle.



After we had set up our tent, we each dropped a tab of acid. After about twenty minutes we still hadn't come on, so Gumpy decided to drop another tab. That turned out to be the beginning of the end. He completely freaked out. Gumpy had always had a complex about his height—now he was going to show everyone. He started climbing up one of the lighting towers



I'll be taller
than everyone!

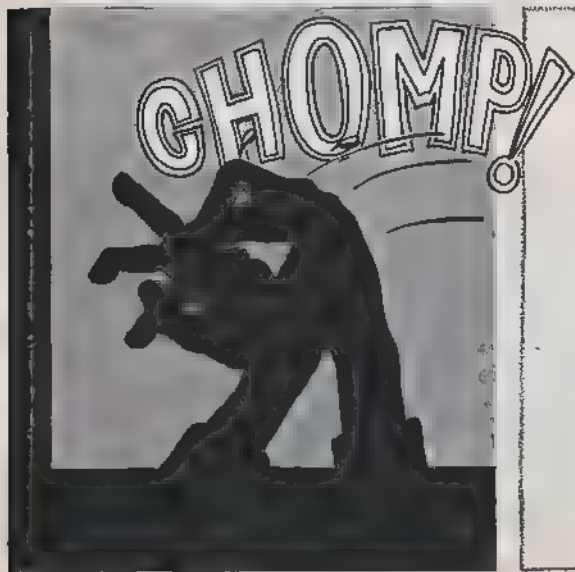
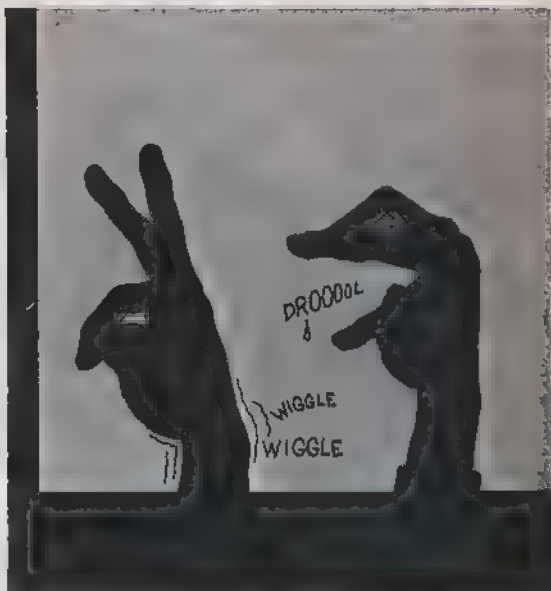
And then he jumped





"That was a desperately sick ending!"

YOU thought it was a sick ending, I'm the one Mitchell had jump off the tower!



THE MAKING OF A HIPSTER



Enig!t.

G-G-Good
Night!



uh...then how about
a week from next...um
...thursday? oh...um...
a month from next
wednesday? I see. How
about...hello! Hello?

Girls just don't
like me, O.D.
SOB



You're too straight, man.
Ya gotta get some COOL.
Blow some dope, drop
some pills...



...wear faded blue
denim bell bottoms
and sandals, man;
they're where
it's at...

BUTTA
CLOTHES FOR MEN

And YOGA!
Ya just
gotta
do YOGA!



...and most important,
ya gotta talk COOL! Say
things like, 'I really dig
your eyes' or 'you're
just outasight!'



COUGH
COUGH
I really shove
your eyes, man.
They're just beyond
(groan) visibility.



Huh?



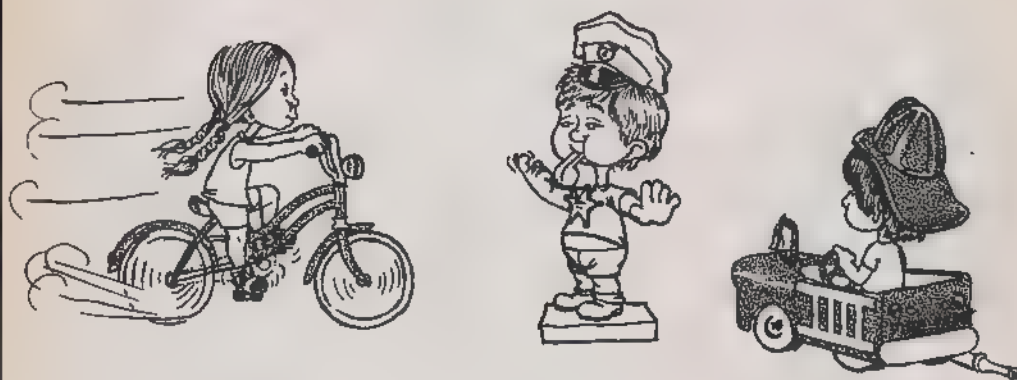
CRASH

END

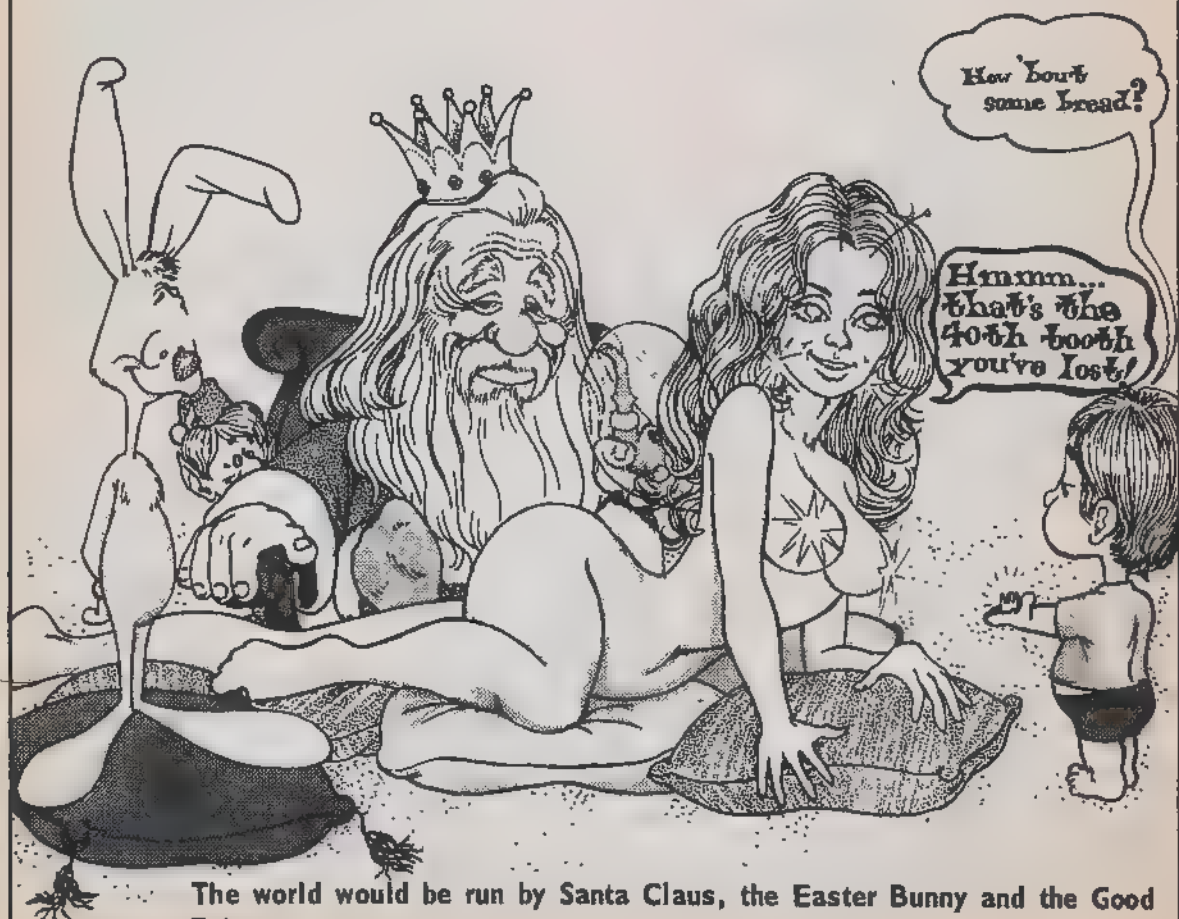
wouldn't it be nice
if everyone
were children
again. . .



There wouldn't be any cars polluting the air, because no one would be old enough to drive. There wouldn't be any traffic fatalities, either . . .

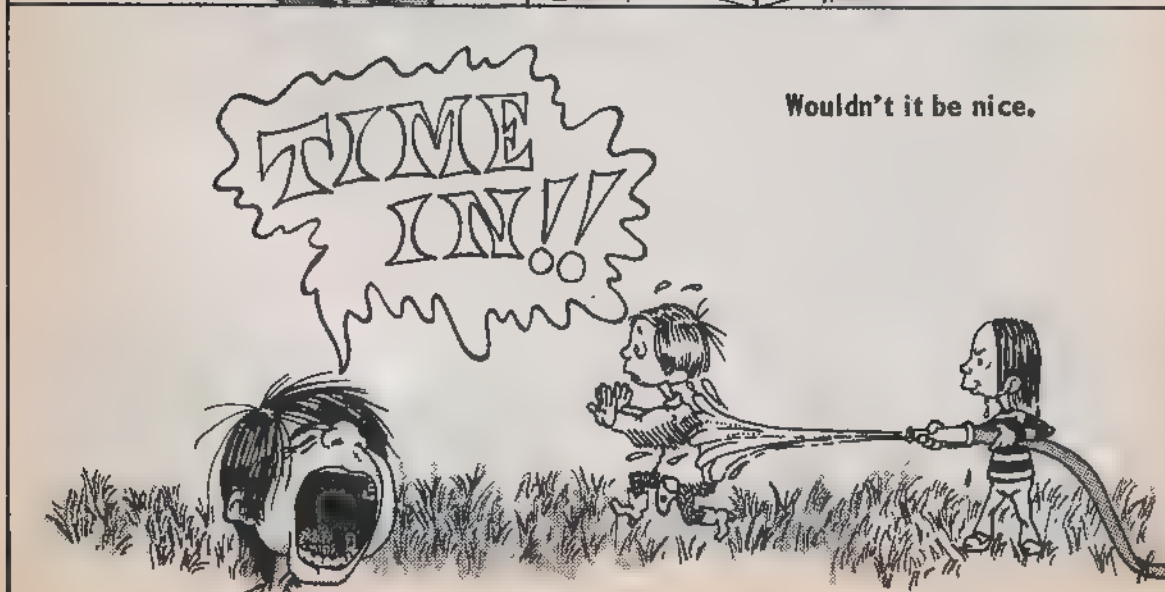
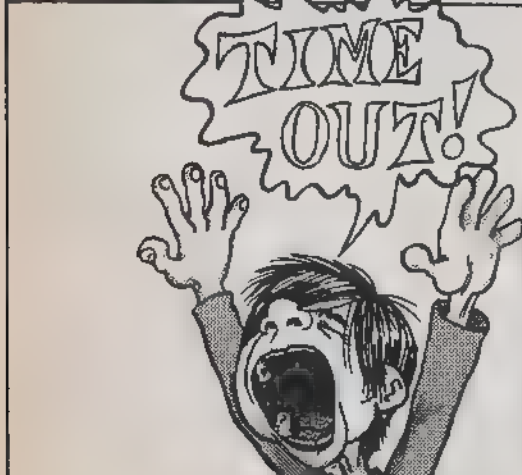


who ever heard of anyone being hit and killed by a bicycle or a tricycle?



The world would be run by Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Good Fairy.

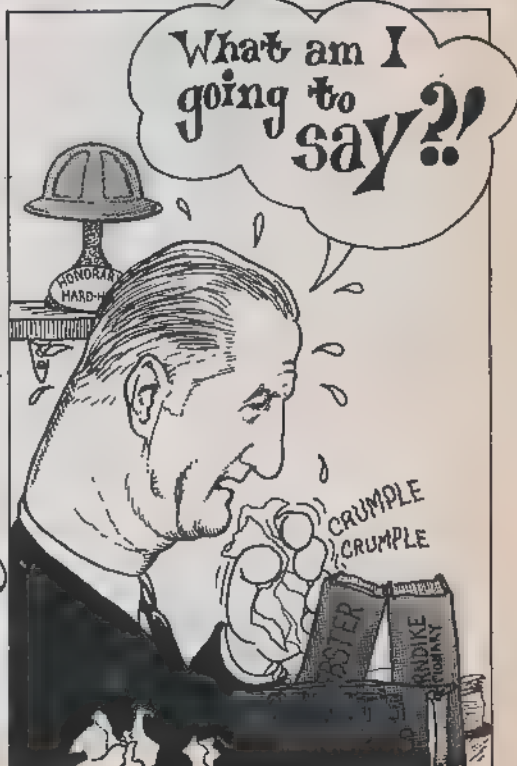
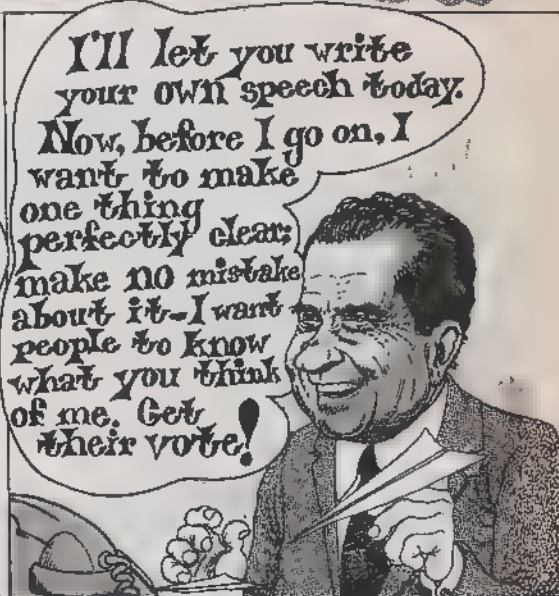
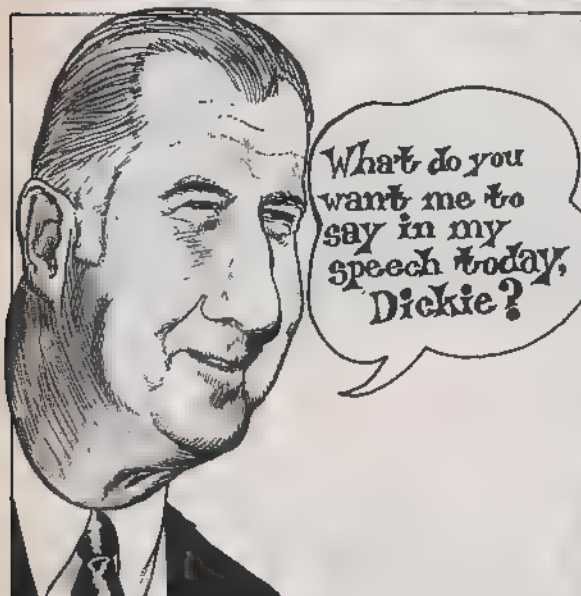
Money that had been spent on medicare, space programs and supersonic transports could be spent on finding a cure for cancer. War would be just a game where no one's ever killed – just "pretend"-killed.

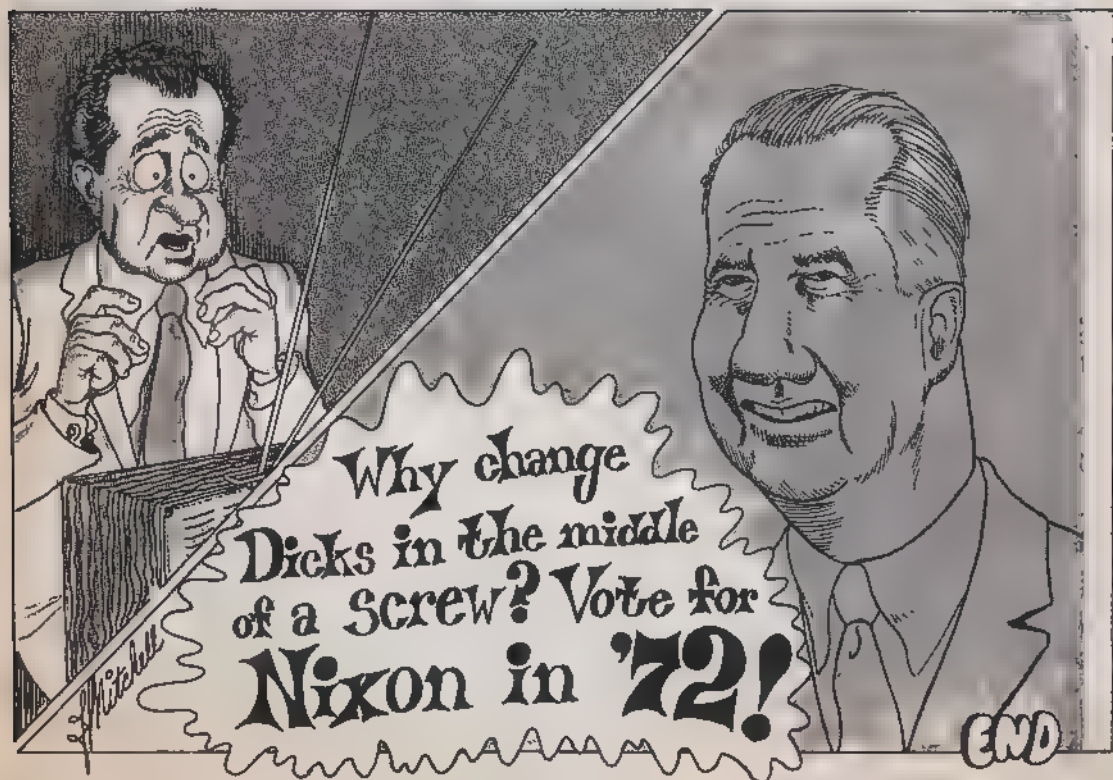
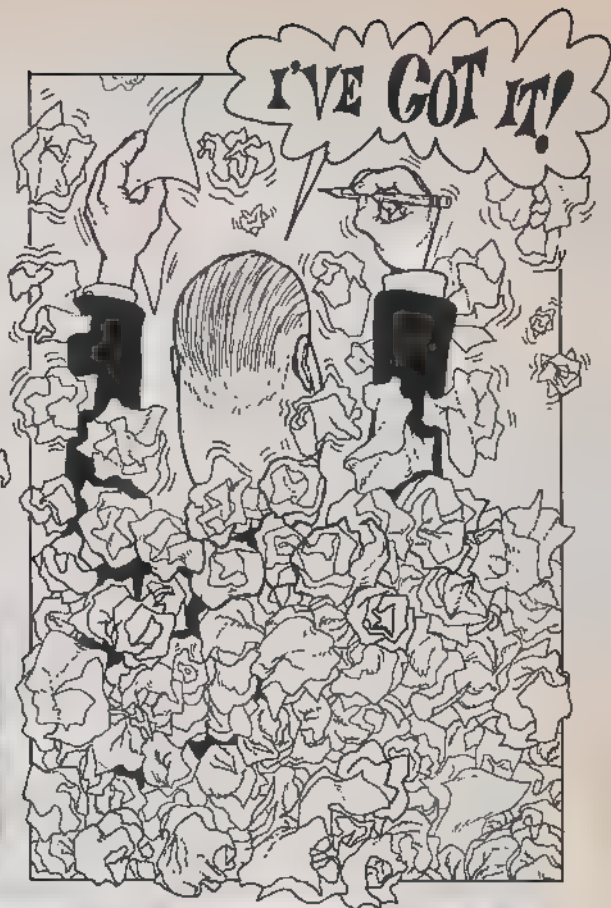


Wouldn't it be nice.

FINIS

DOES YOUR DICK HAVE A RECEEDING HAIRLINE?
WE ALL KNOW ONE THAT DOES, AND HIS IS DUE
TO THE OVERLY ACTIVE MOUTH OF...
SPIRO T. AGNEW

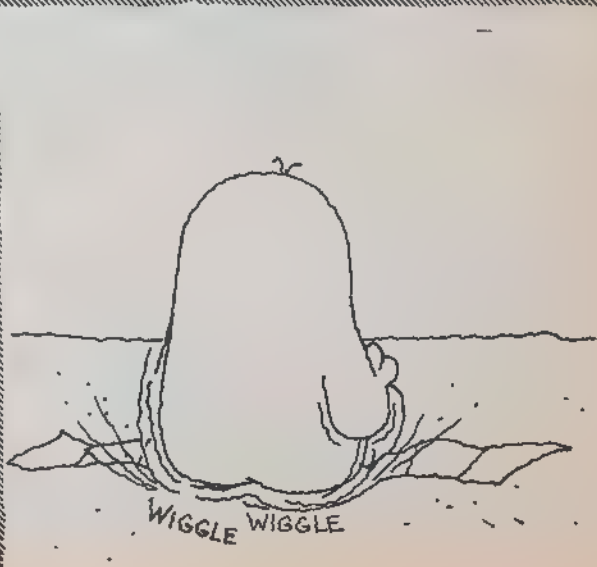
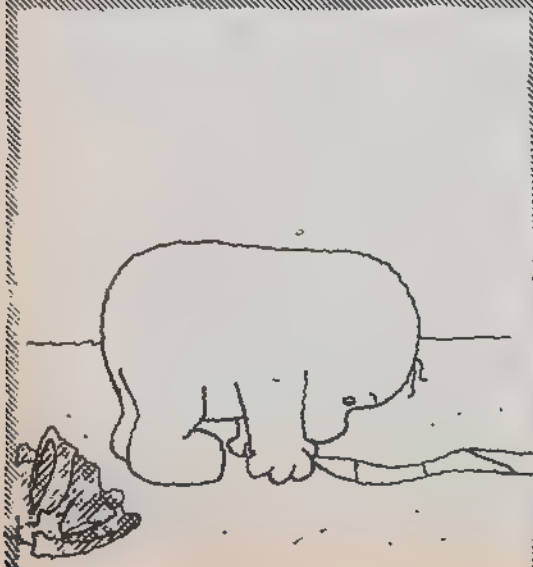
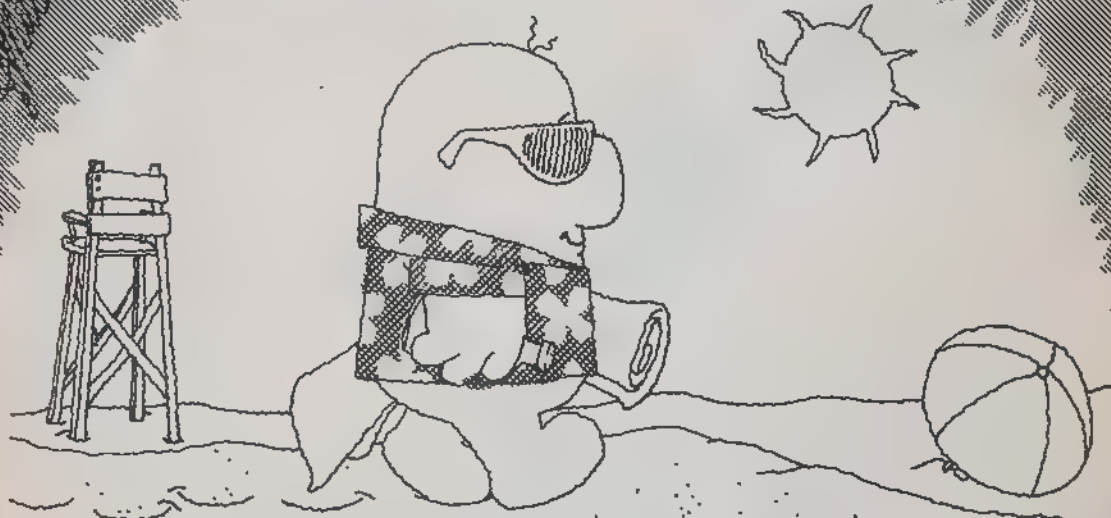


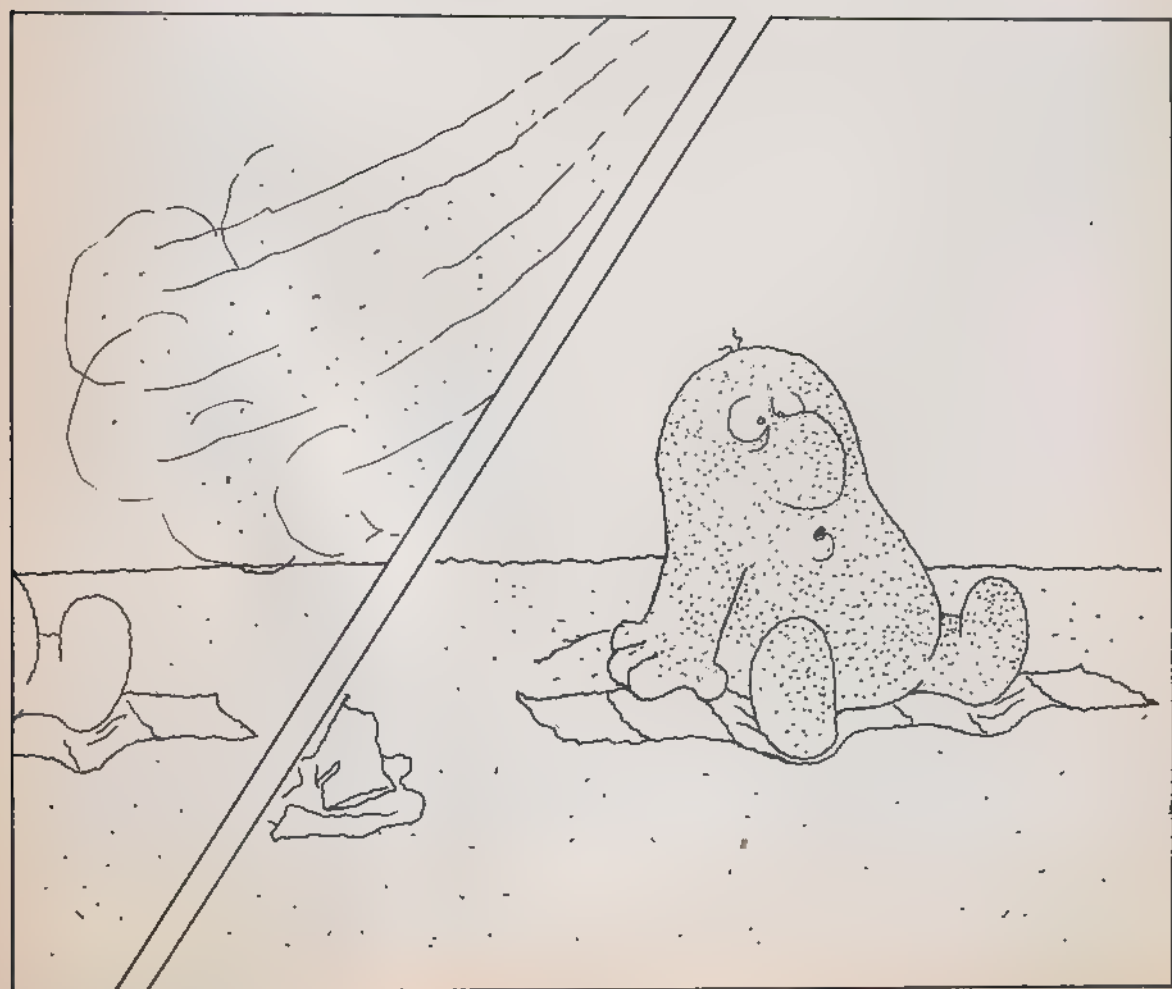
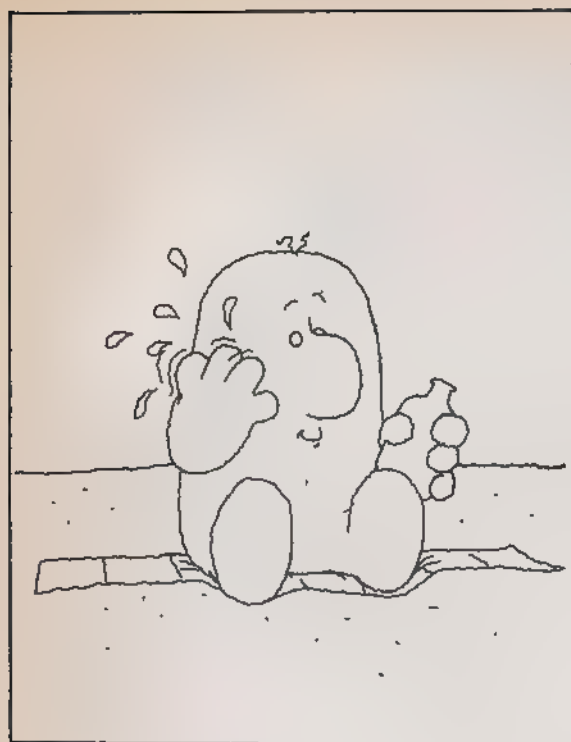


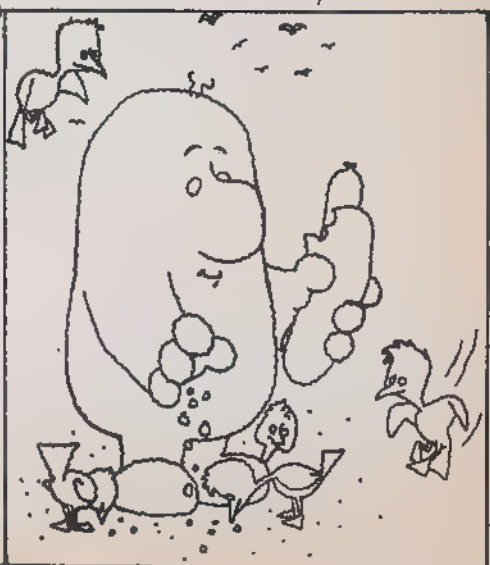
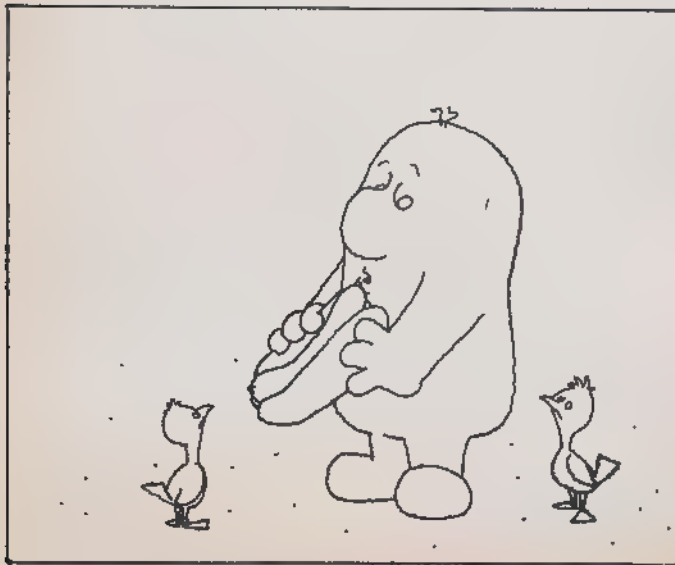
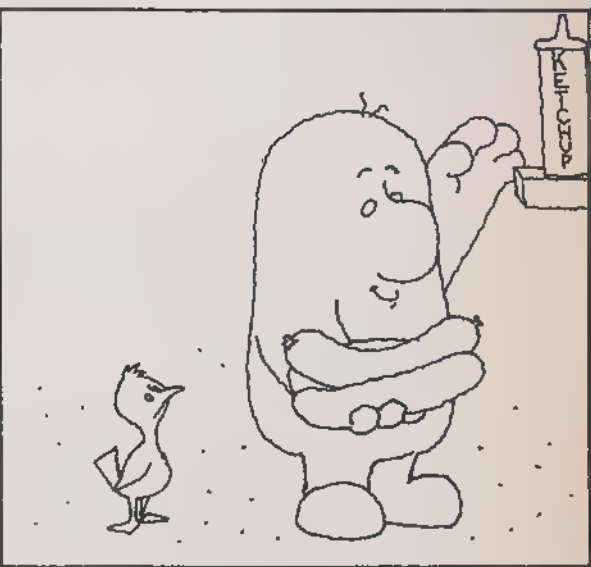
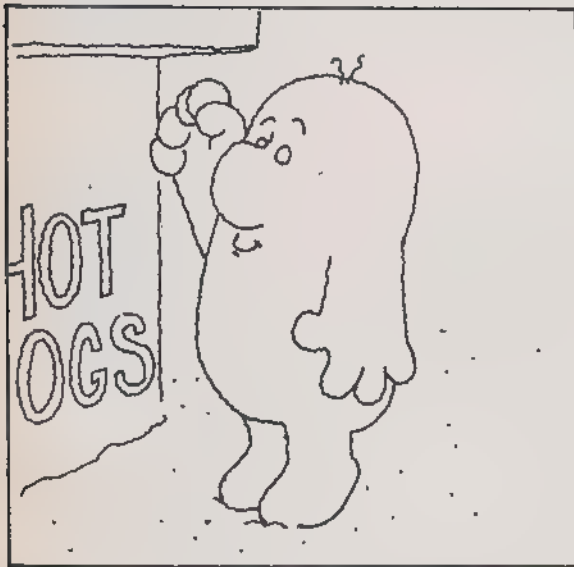
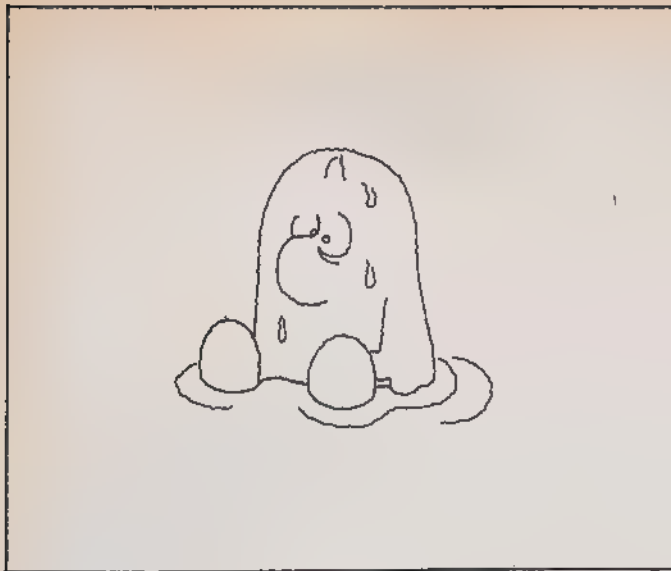
SMILE

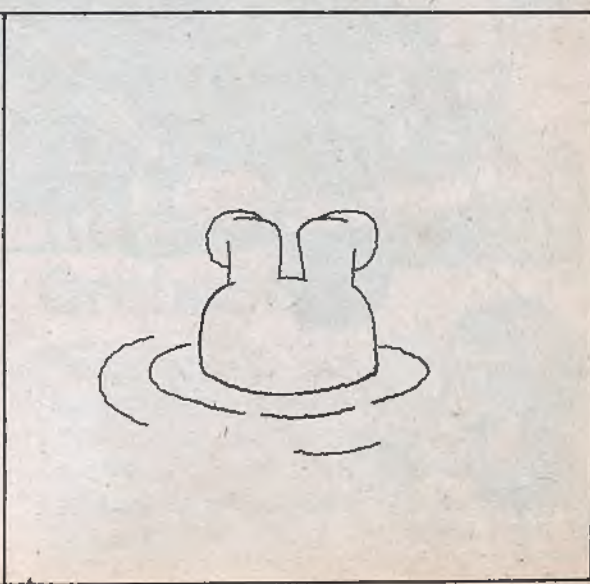
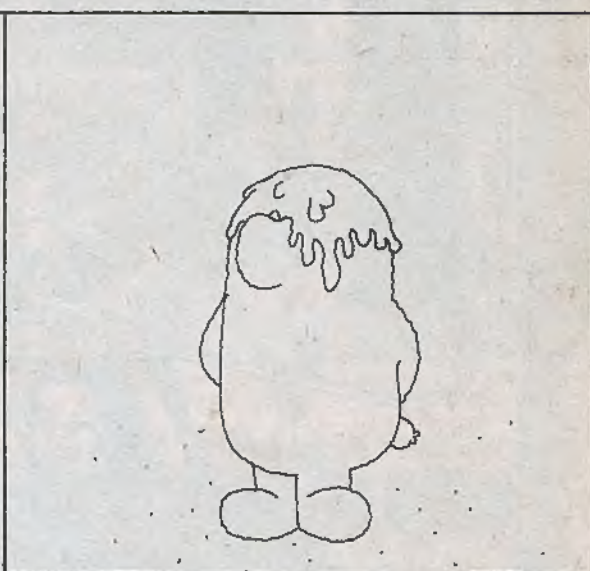
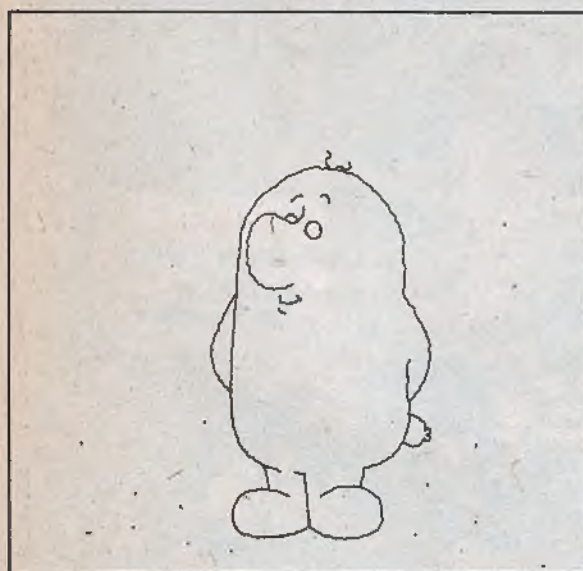


Spencer









Your National Safety Council reminds you: During the day
if you drink, don't drive. And when driving at night,
always remember to light up and live!



NEWEST BOOKS



BIJOU #7. Williamson, Lynch, Spiegelman, others.



BIZARRE SEX #1. Kitchen, G. Green, Boxell, others.



DEATH RATTLE #1. Corben, Pound, Boxell, Poplaski.



FEVER DREAMS. Richard Corben and John Richardson.



O.K. COMICS. Bruce Walthers' "Oscar Kabbibbler."



SMILE #2. Mitchell, Loft, Kitchen, Walthers, others.

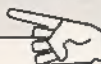


SNARF #2. Lynch, Poplaski, G. Green, Geradts, others.



XYZ COMICS. Robert Crumb. "The Last Word in Comics."

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Light up



and Live